OUR ARTIST IN CUBA PERU SPAIN AND ALGIERS

G. W. CARLETON.

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OUR
ARTIST IN CUBA,
PERU, SPAIN AND ALGIERS.

LEAVES FROM
THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.
1864—1868.

BY
GEORGE W. CARLETON.

"Let observation, with expansive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru."

NEW YORK:
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G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.
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MDCCCLXXVII.

OUR ARTIST, HIS MARK.

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AN APOLOGY.

THE Author of these unpretending little wayside sketches offers them to the Public with the hesitating diffidence of an Amateur. The publication a few years ago, of a portion of the drawings was attended with so flattering a reception, that a new edition being called for, it is believed a few more Leaves from the same vagabond sketch-book may not be intrusive.

The out-of-the-way sort of places in which the Author's steps have led him, must always present the most enticing subjects for a comic pencil; and although no attempt is here made to much more than hint at the oranges and volantes of Cuba, the earth-

quakes and buzzards of Peru, the donkeys and beggars of Spain, or the Arabs and dates of Algiers, yet sketches made upon the spot, with the crispy freshness of a first impression, cannot fail in suggesting at least a panoramic picture of such grotesque incidents as these strange Countries furnish.

The drawings are merely the chance results of leisure moments; and Our Artist, in essaying to convey a ray of information through the glasses of humor, has simply multiplied with printers' ink his pocket-book of sketches, which, although caricatures, are exaggerations of actual events, jotted down on the impulse of the moment, for the same sort of idle pastime as may possibly lead the reader to linger along its ephemeral pages.

NEW YORK, *Christmas*, 1877.

Part I.

CUBA.

CUBAN SKETCHES.

Sick Transit.
Two Boobies.
A Colored Hercules.
The Cuban Jehu.
Iglesia San Francisco.
A Cuban Motive.
An Influenza.
Flee for Shelter.
The Ride.
A Cock-fight.
Rather Cool.
Take your Pick.
A Spanish Retreat.
Spiders and Rats.
Belligerents.
Materfamilias.
Culinary Department.
A Bundle of Clothes.
A Button-Smasher.
White Pantaloons.
Carnival Acquaintance.
Beauty at the Ball.
A Disappointment.
Dolce far Niente.
Locomotion.
The Spanish Tongue.
An Unwelcome Visitor.
An Agreeable Bath.
A Celestial Maid.
A Statue on a Bust.
A Tail Unfolded.
Money in thy Purse.
Sugar and Water.
Green Fields.
A Segar well-lighted.
Shall Rest be Found.
All Aboard.
The Matanzas Cave.
Hard Road to Travel.
A Shady Retreat.
A Spanish Grocer.
Colored Help.
Very Moorish.
Chacun a Son Gout.
Nature's Restorer.
Agricultural.
A Cot in the Valley.
A Colored Beauty.
Corner Stones.
A Sudden Departure.

THE START.—THE STEAMSHIP COLUMBIA.
AT SEA.

First day out.—The wind freshens up a trifle as we get outside Sandy Hook; but our artist says he is 'nt sea-sick, for he never felt better in his life.

A "Booby"—as seen *from* the ship's deck.

A "Booby"—as seen *on* the ship's deck.

ARRIVAL AT HAVANA.

A side elevation of the colored gentleman who carried our luggage from the small boat to the Custom House.

STREETS OF HAVANA.—CALLE MERCADERES.

The first volante driver that our artist saw in Havana.

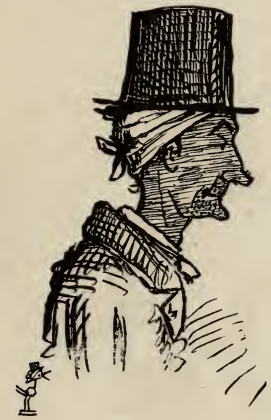
VIEW FROM OUR WINDOW AT THE HOTEL ALMY.

The old Convent and Bell Tower of the Church of San Francisco,—now used as a Custom House.

STREETS OF HAVANA.—CALLE TENIENTE RE.

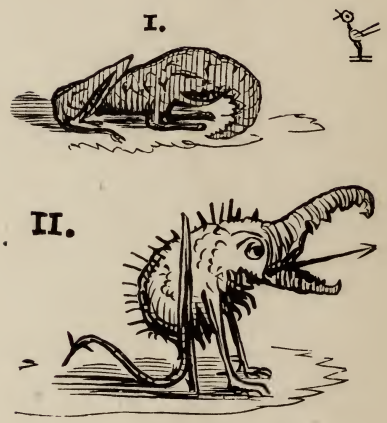
A Cuban Cart and its Motive Power.—Ye patient Donkey.

AT THE CAFE LOUVRE.



Manners and Customs of a Cuban with a Cold in his Head.

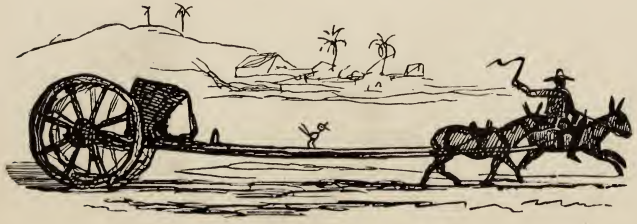
THE [WICKED] FLEA OF HAVANA.



PART I.—The beast in a torpid condition.

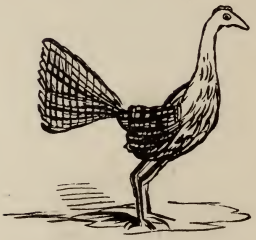
PART II.—When he "smells the blood of an Englishmun."

THE NATIONAL VEHICLE OF HAVANA.



Manner and Custom of Harnessing ye Animiles to ye Cuban Volante.

A COCK-FIGHT IN CUBA.



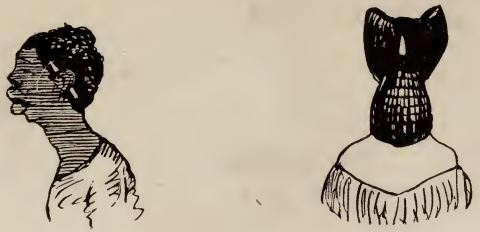
I.—Chanticleer as he goes in.

II.—Chanticleer considerably "played out."

STREETS OF HAVANA.—CALLE LAMPARILLA.

The cool and airy style in which they dress the rising colored generation of Havana.

THE CUBAN TOOTH-PICK.



Two ways of carrying it—behind the ear, and in the back-hair.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S QUINTA.

View of the Canal and Cocoa Tree ; looking East from the Grotto.

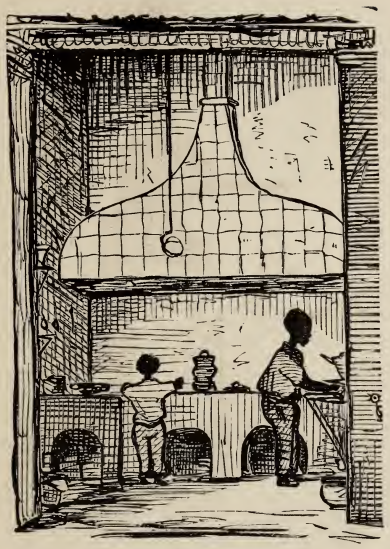
Agitation of the Better-Half of Our Artist, upon entering her chamber and making their acquaintance.

A LITTLE EPISODE IN THE CALLE BARRATILLO.

A slight difference arises between the housekeeper's cat and the butcher's dog, who has just come out in his summer costume.

The Free Negro.—An every-day scene, when the weather is fine.

AN INTERIOR IN HAVANA.



Kitchen, chief-cook and bottle-washer in the establishment of Mrs. Franke, out on the "Cerro."

A portrait of the young lady, whose family (after considerable urging) consents to take in our washing.

Washing in Havana.—$4 00 a dozen in gold.

WASHING IN HAVANA.

I.—My pantaloons as they went *in*.

II.—My pantaloons as they came *out*.

CARNIVAL IN HAVANA.

A Masquerade at the Tacon Theatre.—Types of Costume, with a glimpse of the "Cuban Dance" in the background.

A MASK BALL AT THE TACON.

Our artist mixes in the giddy dance, and falls desperately in love with this sweet creature——but

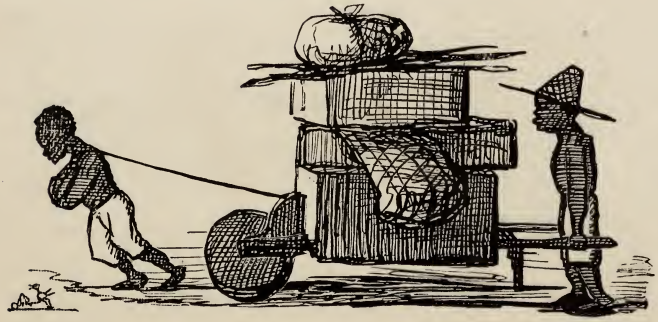
LATER IN THE EVENING,

When the "sweet creature" unmasks, our Artist suddenly recovers from his fit of admiration. Alas! beauty is but mask deep.

STREETS OF HAVANA—CALLE OBRAPIA.

The Cuban Wheelbarrow—In Repose.

STREETS OF HAVANA—CALLE O'REILLY.



The Cuban Wheelbarrow—In action.

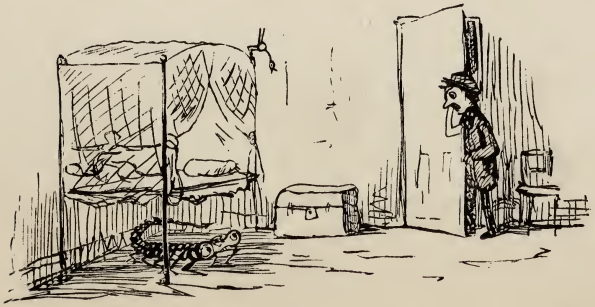
FIRST HOUR!

SECOND HOUR!!

THIRD HOUR!!!

Our Artist forms the praiseworthy determination of studying the Spanish language, and devotes three hours to the enterprise.

BED-ROOMS IN CUBA.



The Scorpion of Havana,—encountered in his native jungle.

SEA-BATHS IN HAVANA.

Our Artist having prepared himself for a jolly plunge, inadvertently observes an insect peculiar to the water, and rather thinks he won't go in just now.

A cheerful Chinese Chambermaid (?) at the Fonda de Ingleterra, outside the walls.

HIGH ART IN HAVANA.

A gay (but slightly mutilated) old plaster-of-Paris girl, that I found in one of the avenues of the Bishop's Garden, on the "Cerro."

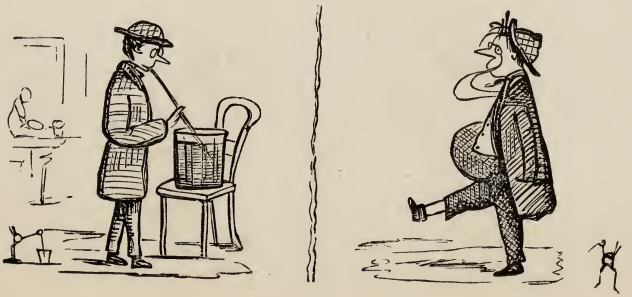
A Cuban Planter going into town with his plunder.

SHOPPING IN HAVANA.

Our Artist just steps around the corner, to look at a "sweet thing in fans" that his wife has found.

RESULT!

THE NATIONAL BEVERAGE OF HAVANA.

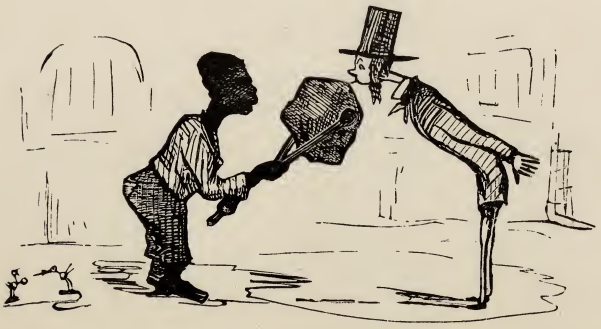


Our Artist indulges in a *panale frio* (a sort of lime-ade), at the Café Dominica, and gets so "set up," that he vows he won't go home till morning.

THE LIZARDS OF CUBA.

Our Artist, on an entomological expedition in the Bishop's Garden, is disagreeably surprised to find such sprightly specimens.

SMOKING IN HAVANA.



An English acquaintance of Our Artist wants a light for his paper segar; whereupon the waiter, according to custom, brings a live coal.

THE MUSQUITOS OF HAVANA.

A midsummer's night dream.—Our Artist is just the least bit disturbed in his rest, and gently remonstrates.

PUBLIC SERVANTS IN CUBA.

A gay and festive Chinese brakeman, on the railroad near Guines.—The shirt-collar-and-pair-of-spurs style of costume.

ONE OF THE SENSATIONS IN CUBA.

The Great Cave near Matanzas.—Picturesque House over the Entrance.

THE GREAT CAVE NEAR MATANZAS.

A section of the interior—showing the comfortable manner in which our artist followed the guide, inspected the stalactites, and comported himself generally.

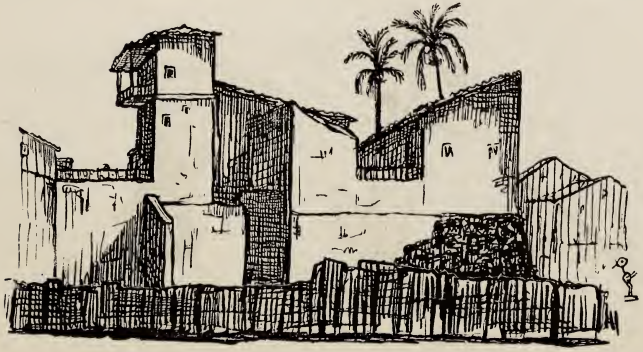
One of the Fortifications.—Sketched from the end of the *Paseo*, on a day hot enough to give anything but a donkey the brain fever.

ARCHITECTURE IN MATANZAS.

A romantic little *tienda mista* (grocery store) on a corner, in the Calle Ona.

A *CAFFETAL* NEAR MATANZAS.

Our Artist becomes dumb with admiration, at the ingenious manner of toting little niggers.



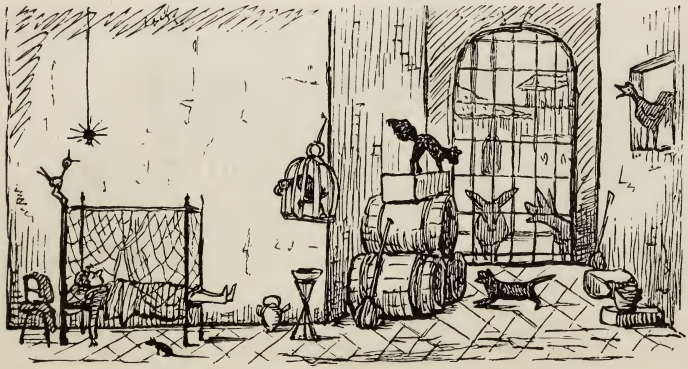
A singular little bit, out of the Calle Manzana.

A SUGAR PLANTATION, NEAR THE YUMORI.

Our Artist essays to drink the milk from a green Cocoa:

Fatal effect.—An uncomfortable sensation!

A BED-CHAMBER IN MATANZAS.



First night at the "Gran Hotel Leon de Oro."—Our artist is accommodated with quarters on the ground-floor, convenient to the court-yard, and is lulled to sleep by a little domestic concert of cats, dogs, donkeys, parrots and game-cocks.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

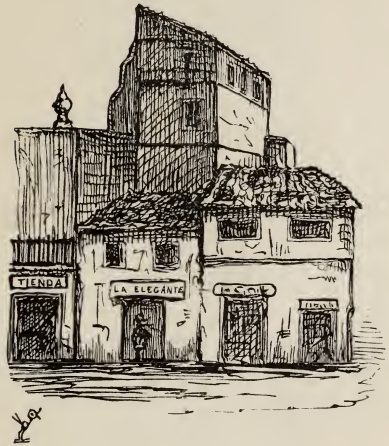
Showing the manner in which one ox accomplishes the labor of two, in San Felipe.

THE SUBURBS OF CALABAZAR.

A Planter's Hut, and three scraggly Palm Trees in the dim distance.

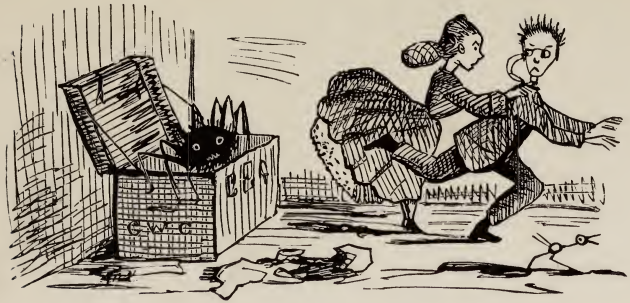
PLANTATIONS NEAR MARIANAO.

A Colored Beauty toting Sugar Cane from the field to the grinding mill.



A conglomerate *Esquina*, on the corner of Calle Obispo and Monserate.

LAST NIGHT IN HAVANA.



Alarm of Our Artist and Wife, upon going to their room to pack, and discovering that a Tarantula has taken possession of their trunk.

Part II.

PERU.

PERUVIAN SKETCHES.

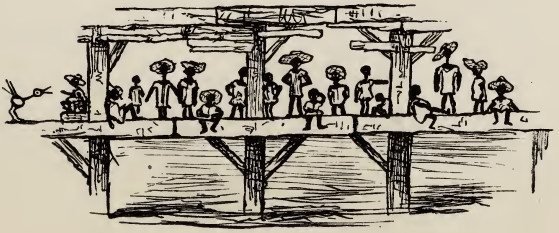
Friendly Counsels.
A Disagreeable Berth.
A Colored Reception.
The Naked Truth.
A Panama Laundress.
A Man for a' Hat.
Domestic Bliss.
A Bit of a Church.
Hot Weather.
What an Ass!
A Happy Family.
Land at Last.
Callao Cathedral.
A Baggage Train.
Cathedral at Lima.
A Water-Carrier.
A Bag of Cuffey.
Birds of a Feather.
A China Bowl of Soup.
Thing of Beauty.
Fondest Hopes Decay.
Rat-ification Meeting.
A Back Seat.
An excellent View.
Bread-baskets.
Good for Digestion.
An Eye for an Eye.
Who knows? (nose).
Discretion in Valor.
Black Warriors.
Music hath Charms.
A Chariot Race.
An Antique.
Family Arrangement.
Heads of the People.
By their Fruits.
A Beast of Burden.
A Night Adventure.
A Runaway.
The light Fantastic.
A Rooster.
A Chime of Bells.
Dog-days.
Pork Business.
When shall we three.
Unhand me!
Nothing venture.
A great Sell.
A beggarly Show.
A Dead-Head.

THE START—STEAMSHIP "HENRY CHAUNCEY."
FROM NEW YORK TO ASPINWALL.

Sea-sickness being a weakness of Our Artist, he determines to be fore-armed, and accordingly provides himself with a few simple preventives, warmly recommended by his various friends.

Our Artist, having indulged rather freely in the different preventives, gets things mixed, and wishes that his friends and their confounded antidotes were at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

ARRIVAL AT ASPINWALL.



First impressions of the city and its inhabitants—Colored citizens on the dock, awaiting the steamer's advent.

View from the window of a Panama railroad car—showing the low-neck and short-sleeve style of costume adopted by the youthful natives of Cruces.—Also a sprightly specimen of the one-eared greyhound indigenous to the country.

A VIEW IN PANAMA.

The old and weather-beaten church of Santa Ana—and in the foreground, with basket on her head, baby under one arm, and bowl of milk supported by the other, a colored lady of West Indian descent, vulgarly known as a "Jamaica nigger."

AN AFTERNOON AT PANAMA.

Deeming it always incumbent upon the traveller to invest in the products of the country, Our Artist provides himself with a good sensible Panama hat, and thus with wife and "mutual friend," he peacefully and serenely meanders around among the suburbs of the city.

A STREET SCENE IN PANAMA.

Our Artist, with the naked eye, beholds a pig, a fighting-cock, and a black baby, all tied by the leg, at the humble doorway of the residence of a colored citizen, in the principal street of the capital of Central America.

IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

Our Artist wanders about the sleepy little neighboring island, Taboga, where the English steamers lie, and sketches, among other picturesque bits, the clean little whitewashed cathedral in the dirty little Broadway of Taboga.

STEAMSHIP "CHILE."
FROM PANAMA TO CALLAO.

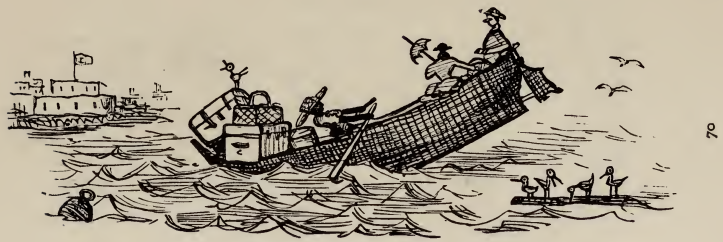
Crossing the equinoctial line, Our Artist discovers that the rays of a vertical sun are anything but bracing and cool.

PAYTA—A SEAPORT IN PERU.

Our Artist, having understood that this town is chiefly remarkable for its fine breed of mules, ironically inquires of a native Venus if this can be considered a good specimen. The N. V. treats Our Artist with silent, stolid, Indian contempt.

Our Artist visits a coasting-vessel just arrived from Guayaquil, loaded with every variety of tropical fruit, and a sprinkling of tame monkeys, parrots, alligators, white herons, iguanas, paroquets, spotted deer, etc.

ARRIVAL AT CALLAO—THE HARBOR.

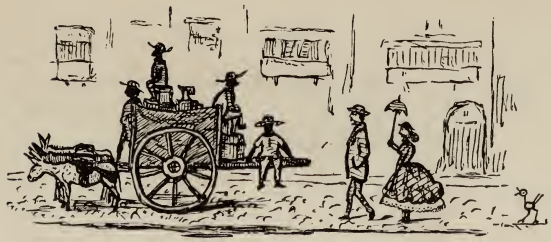


The landing-boat being a trifle too much loaded by the head, Our Artist finds it somewhat difficult to steer.

ARCHITECTURE IN CALLAO.

The little one-story Cathedral on the Plaza, which the earthquakes have so frantically and so vainly tried to swallow up or tumble down.

ARRIVAL AT LIMA.



Triumphal entry of Our Artist and his much-the-better-half; reviving the brilliant days of Pizarro and his conquering warriors, as they entered the "City of the Kings."—The Peruvian warriors in the present century, however, conquer but the baggage, and permit the weary traveller to walk to his hotel at the tail-end of the procession.

THE CATHEDRAL AT LIMA.

An after-dinner sketch (rather shaky) from our balcony in the Hotel Morin, on the Grand Plaza.

DOMESTICS IN PERU.

One of the waiters at our hotel, clad in the inevitable *poncho* —A genuine native Peruvian, perhaps a son of "Rolla the Peruvian," who was "within."

A PERUVIAN COOK.

Peeping into the kitchen one day, Our Artist perceives that a costume, cool and negligé, may be improvised by making a hole in a coffee-bag and getting into it.

STREETS OF LIMA—CALLE JUDIOS.

Almost every other street in Lima has a stream of filthy water or open sewer running through the middle of it, offering rich fishing-grounds to the graceful *gallinazos* or turkey-buzzards, who thus constitute the street-cleaning department of the municipal government.

CELESTIALS IN PERU.

Our Artist is here seen resisting the tempting offer of a bowl of what appears to be buzzard soup, in front of one of the Chinese cook-shops that abound in the neighborhood of the market at Lima.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE—A DREAM OF PERU.

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Our Artist before going to Lima, during little poetical siestas, had indulged in lovely romantic reveries, the burden of which he sketches in his mind's eye, Horatio—but

THE SAD REALITY.

Alas! too frequently his thirsty eye is met only by such visions as the above—and the lovely beauties of Lima, where are they?

BEDROOMS IN PERU.

A section of the inner-wall to our chamber at the Hotel in Lima.—The condition of things at the witching hour of night, judging by the sounds.

STREETS OF LIMA.—CALLE PALACIO.

A young Peruvian accompanying its mamma to market in the morning.

STREETS OF LIMA—CALLE PLATEROS.

A picturesque little *mirador* or lookout at the corner of Calle Plateros and Bodegones, opposite the Hotel Maury, with balconies *ad lib.*

The *panadero*, or baker, as he appears on his mite of a donkey, rushing round through the streets of Lima, delivering bread to his customers.

CARRIAGES AND PAVEMENTS IN LIMA.

Our Artist, after a hearty dinner, extravagantly engages a three-horse coupé, and goes out for a regular, genuine, native Peruvian ride.

That his bones are unbroken, and that he is yet alive to tell the tale, remains to him an unfathomable mystery.

COSTUMES IN LIMA.—THE SAYA Y MANTO.

Our Artist has heard a good deal about the magnificent eyes of the Limanian women ; but as he never sees more than one eye at a time, he can't say much about them, with any regard for the truth.

HEAD-DRESSES IN LIMA.—THE MANTO.

The Señoritas look very prettily sometimes, with their black mantillas thrown gracefully over their heads, (*See Geographies, etc.,*) but when you come across a party possessing a decided nose, in profile, the effect is rather startling.

Our apartments look out upon the Grand Plaza, where the fighting usually takes place; and as the windows are mostly broken by the balls of the last Revolution, (Nov. 6, 1865,) and it's about time for another, Our Artist gets into ambuscade every time he hears a fire-cracker in the street.

Two native and dreadfully patriotic Peruvian soldiers on review before their superior officer.

The National Hymn, with variations, as rendered by the Royal Band in front of President Prado's palace on the Grand Plaza.

A hasty sketch of Mistress Juno and her peacocks, as represented by fresco in the doorway of a Lima palace—Calle Ayachucho.

The old unfinished church and deserted monastery of San Francisco de Paula—Calle Malambo.

LOCOMOTION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

What the country people would do down there, if the jackasses were only long enough. —What they *do* do, is but slightly caricatured by Our Artist.

HAIR-DRESSING IN LIMA.

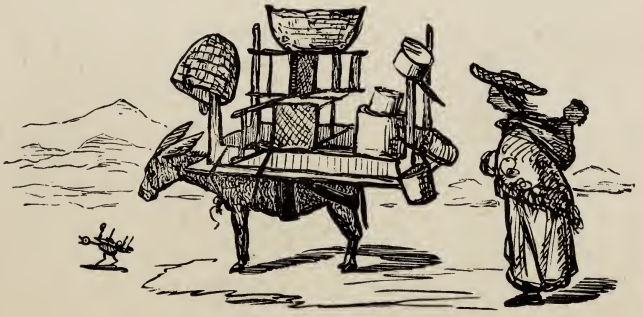
Ladies' style as seen at the theatre.

Also Our Artist before and after he had his hair cut in the latest Lima fashion.

A FRUIT-STALL AT CHORRILLOS.

Our Artist, as he appeared when stricken with amazement at the huge clusters of white grapes that are everywhere, for a mere song, sold in Peru.

SHOPPING IN PERU.



A Peruvian materfamilias, having bought a few simple house-keeping articles in town, is here seen returning to her mountain home, accompanied by her purchases.

THE FLEAS OF LIMA.

Having been nearly devoured by these carnivorous little devils, Our Artist sprinkles himself with Turkish flea-powder one night before retiring, and is charmed at the rapid and parabolic manner with which they desert him.

THE LLAMAS OF PERU.

Our Artist had heretofore fancied that it would be immensely jolly to ride one of these singular beasts of burden; but when he encounters this one, on a lonely road outside the walls one day, he begs to be excused.

TERPSICHORE IN PERU.

Our Artist assists at a mask-ball in the Jardin Otaiza, and is puzzled at the nationality of the costumes worn by the dancers.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS IN LIMA.

The statues in the niches and on the spires of the Cathedral look very well in the daytime; but at night, when the turkey-buzzards roost on their heads, the solemnity of the thing is somewhat marred.

THE BELLS OF LIMA.

Lima is full of churches, and the churches are full of bells; and as they ring and bang away from dewy eve till early morn, their cadences are calculated to disturb somewhat the peaceful slumbers of Our Artist.

PERUVIAN BARK—IN THE ROUGH.

Our Artist is treated to plenty of this quinine (canine) salutation, whenever and wherever he pays a visit in Lima.

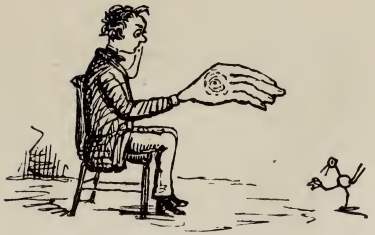
TRANSPORTATION IN PERU.

"This pig went to market," but as he wouldn't go decently, he was tied upon the back of the ever-patient donkey, and so, *nolens volens*, came to Lima, crossing the bridge over the Rimac, where Our Artist sketched him.

PRIESTS AND FRIARS OF LIMA.

A theological discussion of the gravest import takes place between three jolly Fathers of the Roman Catholic Church—a Dominican, a Mercedarian, and a Buena-Muertean.

Scene—The square in front of the church of San Francisco, with its crooked cross.



Our Artist doesn't want to say anything against the insects of Peru; but the way in which one of his hands swelled up, after a bite from some unknown varmit in the night, was, to say the least, alarming.

Having invested in the semi-monthly Lima lottery, Our Artist feels so confident of drawing the $4,000 prize, that he gets extravagant, wears his good clothes, and smokes one-dollar cigars; but a revulsion of feeling takes place after the drawing produces nothing for him but blanks.

Having been informed by a musty old sepulcnral monk that the remains of Pizarro might be seen behind this grating, Our Artist tremblingly gazes therein—but as it is pitch dark, he doesn't recognize Pizarro.

A COUP D'ŒIL IN LIMA.

A picturesque view of the great stone bridge over the rapid river Rimac, showing the towers of the church Desamparados, the Arch with illuminated clock, and the spire of Santo Domingo. —Sketched with about ninety-seven Peruvian beggars looking over Our Artist's shoulder.

LAST DAY AT LIMA.

A visit to the Museum—which contains a not very remarkable collection of Peruvian antiquities—and where Our Artist sees all that remains of the once magnificent Atahualpa, last king of the Incas.

Alas, poor Yorick! To this complexion must we come at last.—Fit sketch wherewith to end this strange, eventful history of "Our Artist in Peru."

Part III.

SPAIN.

A SPANISH OVERCOAT.

Our Artist, upon his arrival in "Sunny Spain," is overtaken in the Pyrenees, on the French Frontier, by a terrific snow-storm, and is compelled to provide himself, at BAYONNE, with an Overcoat of the Country.

HACKMEN IN SPAIN.

Portraits of the three Hackmen, who (upon our arrival at the City of BURGOS, in the lead of night,) meet us at the Rail Road station, and propose accompanying us to our Hotel.

A CITIZEN OF VALLADOLID.

Here is a faithful portrait of the Old Party who entered the cars at VALLADOLID; carrying with him a few travelling conveniences.

A MADRID HAT.

This is a Spanish Dandy at the Grand Opera House in MADRID :—first, with his cigarette and new Hat of the period; second, after his Hat had been sat upon by a fat old Señora, during the third act of Lucia di Lammermoor.

LOTTERIES IN SPAIN.

Nearly all the Lottery tickets in Spain are publicly sold in the streets by Beggars: and *this* is the sort of Vagabond in MADRID to whom Our Artist confided $16 for a ticket that won a prize of $5.

There are so many hundred apartments to be seen in the famous PALACE OF THE ESCORIAL, that Our Artist is obliged to follow his Brigand of a Guide rather rapidly, in order to view them all in one day.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

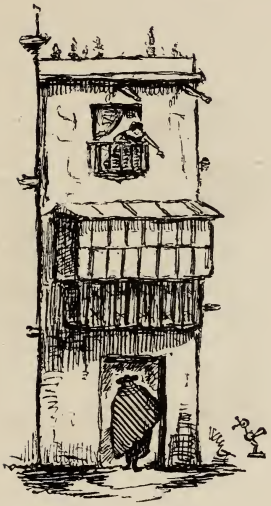
Our Artist sees from the car-window, at a Rail-Road Station near Toledo. what, at a first glance, appears to be a statue of Napoleon Bonaparte,—but : *(see next page.)*

A RAIL-ROAD OFFICIAL.

—— the Statue suddenly becomes animated and revolves; and the side-view reveals a CIVIL GUARD, with carbine and knapsack beneath his big military cloak.

A picturesque little half Moorish and half Spanish dwelling house, in the Calle Jesus Maria; with a couple of Priests in earnest discussion.

BALCONIES IN SEVILLE.



Sketch of a private residence in Calle San Pablo; from the upper Balcony of which, Our Artist had a rose thrown to him, while a cloaked Assassin of a probable Lover, lowered savagely at him from the doorway.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

The Barber of Seville, according to Rossini's Opera, and according to the way in which he is popularly believed to disport himself.—*(See next page.)*

A BARBAROUS PROCEEDING.

The Barber of Seville, as he actually exists in that city, and precisely as he appeared while operating upon our Artist, one day, in the Calle de las Sierpes.

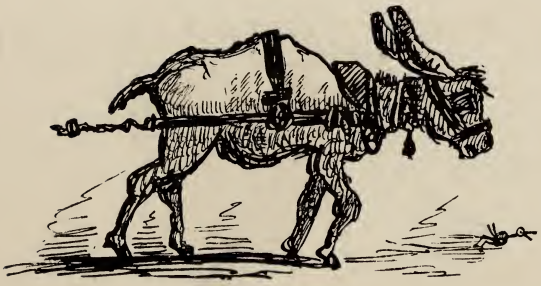
A CAFÉ IN SEVILLE.

Our Artist discovers, one day, in the Calle Tunidores, not exactly the most fashionable Café in SEVILLE, but a Café glorying in the ambitious name of JULIUS CÆSAR!

Fellow Passengers in the Diligence to MALAGA—one, a corpulent and famous Bull-Fighter, and the other, an envious and admiring follower of the same ennobling Profession.

The light and graceful antediluvian Diligence that transported us up the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from MALAGA to LOJA.

LOCOMOTION IN SPAIN.



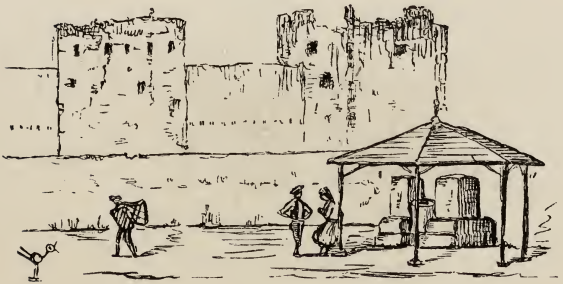
This sketch is an attempt to display the general character and construction of one of the seven Mules that drew our Diligence over the hills from MALAGA to LOJA.

A characteristic little sketch of a Guitar Player, in the window of a second-story dwelling, on the Alemeda de Verano, at GRENADA.

BEGGARS IN SPAIN.

Our Artist, having in a generous moment, distributed a handful of copper coins to the poor of GRENADA, finds himself, thereafter, in all his strolls about the ALHAMBRA, at the Head of such a Procession as this!

Sketch of the famous Gate of Justice, the principal modern Entrance to the far-famed Moorish Palace of THE ALHAMBRA—with a little Spanish Flirtation going on in the corner.



Outline Sketch of an Ancient Moorish Well, inside the enclosure of the ALHAMBRA ; with a bit of the Old Wall.

A SPANISH VEGETABLE MARKET.

A sketch in GIBRALTAR—This fellow was seen wandering around the streets, selling vegetables to the natives, and steering his Donkey by the tail.

Part IV.

ALGIERS.

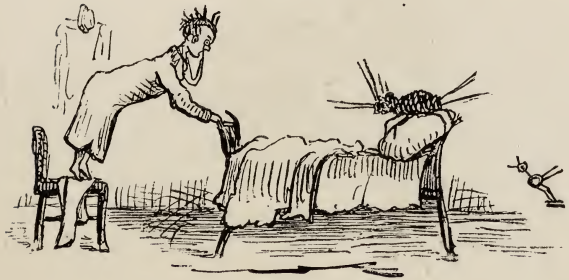
LANDING IN AFRICA.

We leave Gibraltar by Steamer, and upon reaching the city of NEMOURS, Our Artist and his Better-Half are taken ashore from the small boat by the Natives in this summary manner! —A couple of inviting Hotel-keepers are awaiting them on the beach.

AN ARAB BEGGAR.

One of the first Objects that greets the eagle eye of Our Artist, as he wanders around the streets of NEMOURS, is this cheerful "What-is-it," who mournfully begs for a few grains of corn.

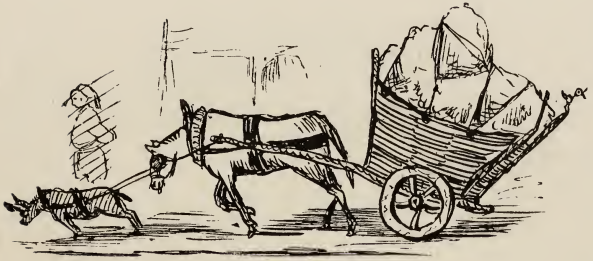
Sketch of a fantastic little Fountain in one of the streets of the City of ORAN.



This is the sort of Thing that you find meandering round on your pillow, when you retire to your Chamber for the night, at the Hotel in ORAN.

ANOTHER ARAB BEGGAR.

This Gentleman, who accosted us in the suburbs of ORAN, assured us in tremulous accents that he had eaten nothing in seventeen days—and we saw no reason for doubting his word.



Upon our arrival in the City of ALGIERS, we are much amused at the first vehicle we see: where a diminutive donkey is hitched in front of an enormous horse.

Alarm of Our Artist, as he, for the first time, encounters a Moorish maiden, as she appears around the corner from a dark and narrow street, in the Kasbah quarter of the City of ALGIERS.

A French Zouave off duty, as he appeared while listening to the Military Band that played every afternoon in the Place du Gouvernment, ALGIERS.

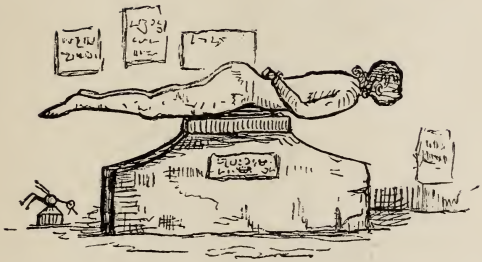
A STREET IN ALGIERS.

The Rue Staoueli—a narrow street in the old Arab Quarter of ALGIERS, where the houses nearly touch each other at their tops.

Sketch in the Rue Kasbah.—A couple of Moorish Jews, engaged in silk spinning, at the door of their palatial residence.

MOORISH SHOP-KEEPER.

This graceful and fairy-like Will-o'-the-Wisp, sold us some lovely silk embroideries, in ALGIERS, the like of which, Solomon, in all his glory never dreamed of.



We visit the not very interesting Museum in ALGIERS, and sketch, among other curious objects, a Cast of an Arab Martyr [one Géronimo], who had been buried alive in a box of Plaster of Paris.

JARDIN D'ESSAI, ALGIERS.

Merely a sketch (for the last page of this little book) of a Date-Palm Tree, in ALGIERS, with a couple of Arabs trying to get in its shade.

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